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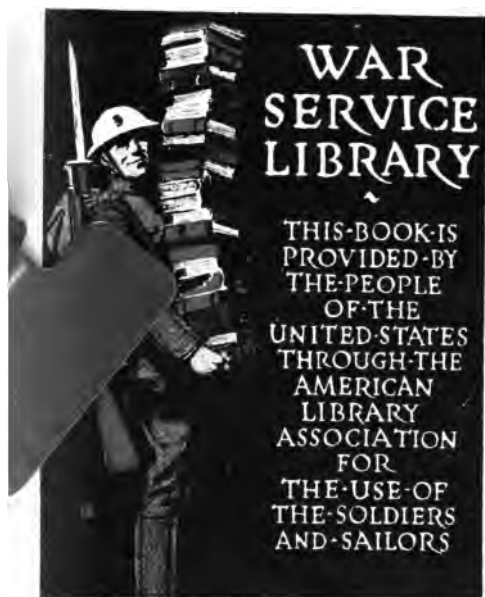


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PHILO ~ SOPHIA

- ANITA - TRUEMAN -

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS

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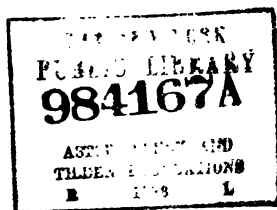
Aceon: A Tale of the Soul's Experiences

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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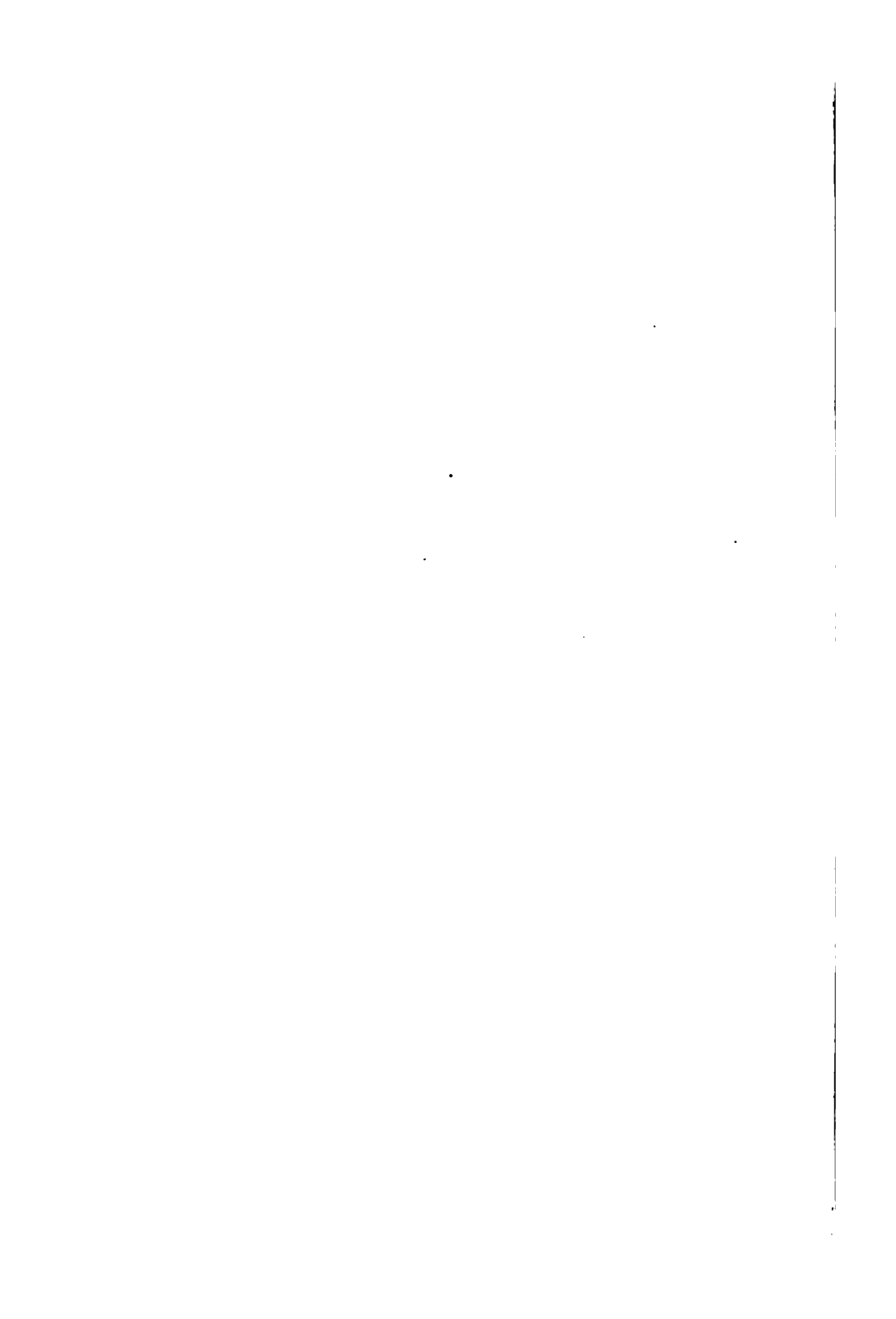
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TO MY FRIEND
ESTELLE C. R. SWEET
THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED



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ACEON:

A TALE OF THE SOUL'S EXPERIENCES.

CANTO I.

THE POET.

ONCE, in the past, long centuries ago,
A poet lived, and charmed the souls of men,
With his immortal song, so wild and free,
Soaring to heights by mortal feet untrod,
Revealing truth and beauty everywhere.
How he was known on earth, I cannot tell,
But his soul's name was Aceon the Fair.
His form was beautiful to look upon,
Graceful and light, erect and dignified.
Through his dark locks, a flash of amber gold
Gleamed in the sunshine. And the light of truth
Illumined all his visage, shining clear
Through those deep orbs of his. A gleam of
pride
Flashed in his glance, the pride of fearless youth.
Until he sang, his blushing lips were pressed
In a sweet, haughty smile, that e'er defied

PHILO-SOPHIA

The joys of earthly life, and in that smile,
Passion was glorified.

But when his song,
Filled with his soul's pure life, came ringing forth
Its messages of power, truth, and love,
No human soul could then resist the charm
Of his rich voice, and earnest, glowing speech.
The mountains, and the valleys, and the seas,
All gathered half their splendor from his song.
And God Himself, through that one singer's lay,
Gained praise from half a myriad souls of men.
Thus sang the youthful poet, Aceon,

But troublous times drew near. The land was
rife
With cries of terror. Men were called upon
To slay their fellow-men. The fields were bare,
Laid waste and plundered. Still the poet sang,
Deeming that in the awful hour of strife,
His song should calm the troubled souls of men.
But they passed by in scorn, and bade him take
The weapon of destruction in his hand.
From near and far they came, and passed along,
Nor stayed to hear his word of prophecy.
For they were bent on war, on cruel war!

No longer in a crowded market-place

ACEON

The poet sang. But in the ruined homes,
Left desolate and sad, the little ones
Gathered about him, and he sang to them.
The children listened to the poet's song,
And caught its meaning. Day by day they came,
And heard him tell of life divine and free,
Unbounded by the narrow sphere of earth.
But, one by one, the tender little ones,
Robbed of protection, lacking daily food,
Passed from the wretched life the war had
brought
Into their homes. The poet's little flock
Grew to a scanty handful. Day by day
Fewer there were. But still, the poet sang,
Urged by their faltering voices, and they smiled,
E'en in the face of death, to hear again
The truth they loved, and passed away in peace.

At last the poet wandered there alone.
No little footsteps tracked him through the
streets.

He reached the market-place, deserted now.
The men who gathered there to hear him sing
Were scattered far, and slain. The curse of war
Had banished all the beauty of the plain.
Over the dreary waste, the wild wind swept,
And in the city, once so fair and white,
Lifeless confusion wrought its direful spell,

PHILO-SOPHIA

Ending destruction's work, by men begun.
Ye wayward souls, that would not hear the truth,
Your ears are deafened now forevermore !
Eyes that refused to see the rightful path,
Have closed on bloody scenes of war and death.
Lips, that pronounced the curse, are silenced now.
Only the poet lives, to see the end
Of all your sin against the truth he sang.

His work is done. Ye have not heeded him.
So ye have reaped destruction, as ye sowed.
But he shall live. His deathless word goes forth,
Gladdening souls that never heard his voice,
And his great soul now struggles to be free.
His eyes no more behold the dreary scene
Which spreads about him. And he hears no
more
The wild winds moaning o'er the lonely plain.
He sees and hears no more. He is alone
In a void darkness.

"Spirit of the earth,
Come heavenward ! All thy work on earth is
done !"
Thus rings a clear voice, through the gloom of
death,
And all the gloom departs. There is no death.
He has arisen, and sees an angel stand,

ACEON

Clothed in the floating mist. She takes his
hand,
Breathes on his forehead, and he knows the truth.

This is his higher nature, that which dwells
Upon a higher plane, and guideth man,
When man desires such guidance. Every soul
That dwells upon the earth, hath such an one
Ever beside him. Hope, ye souls of men !
All of your being never could abide
In such a narrow limit as the earth
Allows to souls that sojourn on its shore.
The greater part of thee, my brother-soul,
Never was born into the mortal form.
Yet, if thou seek it out, and learn to know
Its nobler being, it shall live through thee,
Guiding thee wisely in the path of life.

So, when the soul of Aceon was freed
From its fair mortal body, it returned
To that Great Self, which sent his being forth
Upon its earthly pilgrimage. And now
The element of love, the masculine,
Which had gone forth upon the earthly plane,
Entered again into the angel form,
And blended with the female element
Of wisdom, and in this at-one-ment found
Perfect security, and heavenly peace.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Yet not without a yearning toward the earth,
Did he pass on into the higher spheres
Revealed to him. He saw the souls of men
Struggling and battling in a useless strife,
Forgetful of the greater, higher life
Whose inspiration they had cast aside,
Thinking mere human reason guide enough.
He would have gone to teach the souls of earth
The higher wisdom now revealed to him.
But a great host of angels came, and led
Him from the earthly sphere, and sang aloud,
"The higher spheres await thee, Aceon!"

CANTO II.

THE SOUL UNBOUND.

MAN is the unit of the universe.
All things that are, find being in his life.
Mineral, plant, and animal, are there,
Reaching their highest, in the human form.
But, higher still, in human life is found
The element of thought, creating man
King of these lower states, both in himself,
And in the outward universe. He rules
All in the outward, that he rules within.

But there are souls, even in mortal form,
Who grasp the higher being of the soul,

ACEON

Who understand, while others vainly strive
To reach the truth by reason's toilsome way.
They live by inspiration from above.
Simply they speak, and with authority,
So that the learned marvel at their speech,
Whose wisdom is so simple and divine.

This is the state of perfect harmony
With one's own higher self, the lowest heaven,
First of the three great spheres that lie in man
Not yet unfolded. This once realized,
Another is revealed, that lies within,
Deeper and holier yet, wherein the soul
No longer seeks its individual good,
But wills to aid the common cause of all.

How great the soul in whom these higher thoughts
Have found expression ! Not alone the earth
And Nature's glorious powers, serve his will.
But he has learned to sway the souls of men,
By his own soul's pure wisdom, and deep love.
And all the earth shall honor him. But still,
He finds not in their honor his reward.
For him the highest heaven is revealed,
Where he may dwell alone with Deity.

Man is the unit of the universe.
So, as in man, the universe contains

PHILO-SOPHIA

Seven spheres in which the spirit is involved :
Three states below the human, where the power
Of spirit is by limitation checked,
By some called hells; and then the human
 sphere,
Where it is freer, if the souls of men,
Live to the human standard ; then again,
Three heavens, or states of greater harmony,
Where souls no longer bound by mortal forms,
Grow to the knowledge of divinity.

So Aceon, having found his higher self,
In the first heaven, the nearest to the earth,
Joined the great throng of ministering souls
That dwell together in the second heaven.
Gladly they welcomed him, because on earth,
He had so lived that he had recognized
The universal brotherhood of souls.
So they had been, throughout his earthly life
His unseen teachers, counselors, and guides.

How often, in the still, sweet calm of night,
A voice had spoken in his very soul,
Spoken some wondrous truth ! And Aceon
Had grasped it, sung it, given it to men
In his immortal poems ! How the world
Had flung it back at him ! But still again,
The angels came, with still more noble truths

ACEON

To feed the poet's soul. And Aceon now,
In his pure, angel being, longed to go,
To find some other poet, on the earth,
Who hungered for the truth; some unknown
soul,

Whose humble song had never yet been heard
By the dull ears of mortals: and to speak
Such words of comfort as should thrill his soul
To new endeavors, that the world might know
There lived a poet yet upon the earth.

So Aceon soared away. His wondrous form,
His new embodiment, so beautiful,
Of such a spiritual nature was,
That mortal eyes might not perceive him now.
Only those kindred souls, like him abroad
On ministering errands, those who wore
Like vestments, saw, and were perceived, by
him.

So, as his mission drew him, here and there,
To different duties, ever and anon,
He met some kindred spirit. Aceon felt
Anew the glorious brotherhood of souls,
In this experience. And his spirit thrilled
With a new love he had not known before.

On, on, and ever on, the angel sped.
There is no rest for angels ministrant.

PHILO-SOPHIA

And every good deed wrought, his power increased,
Until he grew to comprehend the thought
Of that Intelligence which rules all life ;
No longer teaching, guiding human souls,
But o'er a planet holding perfect sway,
By the administration of the laws
Which regulate its motions. So, at length,
The scheme of the whole universe became
Simple to him.

And then a mighty force
Drew him into itself. And this was God,
Pure spirit, perfect and original,
Impersonal, and Aceon was no more
An individual angel. He became
The primal essence of divinity,
The principle of life that flows in all,
Unceasingly, forever. At this point,
All force is concentrated, and from thence
Is sent again, to rule the universe.

Spirit is omnipresent. 'Tis the life
Of all that is, from the minutest form
Or crystal, called from chaos by its power,
To the grand being of archangels. So,
Aceon sped from the great Central Source,
Through the seven spheres, involved in each in
turn.

ACEON

22 Into each sphere, he brought the prophecy
Of life as lived upon a higher plane.
With life's deep thrill, he stirred each lowly thing
To consciousness of that which lay beyond.
Passed through the heavens, and the human
 sphere,
Animal, plant, and crystal, felt his life
Glowing within them. Then he reached the
 realm
Of death, disintegration, where began
The work of transformation, and of birth.

Far through the chaos rang the great command
Of spirit, "Order!" and the discord ceased.
Aceon called from out the shapeless mass
Of moving atoms, those which he desired,
And formed a crystal, thus expressing life
As manifested in the mineral world.
Thus spirit, by its own creative power,
Has formed the stones, the planets, and the stars,
In their crude forms, and ever doth create,
As moments pass, and centuries elapse,
New worlds, new stars, while old ones decompose,
Wherefrom the spirit hath been called away.

Then Aceon called, from higher realms of light,
A newer life, which, mingled with the old,
The lower, at the spirit's bidding, formed

PHILO-SOPHIA

Organic structure, drawing from the earth,
And from the light, the elements of life.
Thus is the plant created. Here again,
Spirit is present, bidding earth and air,
Sunlight and soil, unite, and thus produce
A wondrous organism, sending forth
Branches, and buds, and foliage, crowning these
With glorious blossoms, and completing all
With fruit, and seed to reproduce their kind.

On toward the throne of God the spirit sped,
And to the powers which he had now expressed,
He added will, and its twin flame, desire.
Thus a new life was formed ; the animal,
The kingdom of the beasts, now lay revealed.
And these included all the plant expressed,
Order, organic structure, and the power
To reproduce their species. More and more
Complex and wondrous grew the mighty work.
But Aceon still pressed onward.

Now he came
Into a realm where consciousness awoke,
And the same life, which, on the lower planes,
Flowed on, impelled by Nature's laws alone,
Assumed a higher purpose of its own,
And bent all Nature's powers to serve its will.
In this new realm of being, Aceon,

ACEON

A ray of conscious life, endowed the thoughts
Of men with a desire to seek and know
The mysteries of life, and led them on
To dreams of higher being.

Tenderly,
When souls departed to the higher plane,
Where their life's angels dwelt, he led them forth,
And sealed the union of affinities,
When Wisdom joined her being unto Love.

Then, when the perfect angel joined the throng
Of ministering souls, into its work,
Aceon threw his spirit. So, evolved
From state to state, the spirit now returned
To God who gave it. And again it dwelt
Alone with God, in perfect rest and peace.

CANTO III.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

SPIRIT createth. Ever it desires
To see itself in outward form expressed.
So God creates the universe so fair,
That he may see His glory magnified
In grand variety and harmony.
Daily created by His sovereign power,

PHILO-SOPHIA

It shadows forth His glorious majesty,
That souls may know that spirit ruleth all.

The esoteric spirit is not known,
Save through translation in external form.
We know it only through self-consciousness,
Or through expression manifest to sense.
In spirit, we are one. The absolute
Reigns in the inner thought of every soul.
But, in the complex scheme of life, we find,
Each hath his special, separate work to do.
And, to preserve the individual life
Through which God reaches forth to outer
spheres,

The soul must seek expression. Aceon
Had lived the life of spirit absolute,
Which holds and guides the mysteries of life,
Which speeds the planets in their destined course,
Which lives and acts, in Nature's tiniest forms,
Which breathes in all the life and thought of men.
Once more he willed to don the garb of flesh,
And stand confessed, a soul in human form.

Wandering through the maze of earthly life,
The spirit sought embodiment. He saw
On every hand, the same sad story told
That he had read so many times before.
Poor human souls went struggling on and on,

ACEON

All ignorant of freedom. Some of them
Had gathered much of the world's goods. And
some

Lived only by the sufferance of these.
Men had forgotten all simplicity.
Aceon tried in vain to comprehend
How they could so pervert the laws of life.
But, questioning the inner thought of men,
He found that they had never learned to know
The purpose of the life they tried to live.
To them it seemed that they were cast adrift
Upon the earth, by powers beyond their will.
Their thought of life extended not beyond
Their little being, 'mersed in circumstance.
Only a few were scattered here and there,
Who grasped the being of the higher self.
These hailed the rest, and with a mighty voice,
Proclaimed the truth, and urged the people on,
To seek a higher, nobler way of life.

One said, " My brothers, listen to my word !
Why will ye dabble lightly here and there,
With pleasures and with grievances ? Arise !
Is there no purpose in our being here ?
Are we the toys of Fate ? Shall we endure
Discords and pains forever, at the hands
Of some Tyrannicus, unknown to man ?
Wherefore is life ? Why do we suffer thus ? "

PHILO-SOPHIA

But none could answer him. Only the more,
Did they cry out against their suffering,
Saying, "We cannot tell whose will it is !
It is not ours !"

"It is revealed to me,"
The poet answered, and the people came
To listen, as he taught them. And he spake :
"We are the rulers of our destinies.
One foe alone can trespass on our right
To freedom, and to happiness, and peace.
His name is Ignorance, and in our hands,
We hold the wherewithal to lay him low.
In all the universe there is one power,
Known to us variously, and that is called,
In the best terms, Intelligence. This power
Is ours to use. It will subdue the earth,
And teach us all the laws by which we live.
Knowing those laws, we live in harmony,
Ignorant of them, we must surely die.

"Let us no longer spend ourselves in vain
Over the trifling questions of the day.
These are effects. There is a deeper cause
For all our social discords. Ignorance
Rules like a tyrant, and we meekly stand,
His slaves, his worse than slaves, allied with him,
And all his demons, Selfishness and Greed,

ACEON

Injustice, and Oppression, and the rest,
Against the powers of light, Intelligence,
Justice, and Truth. Who then can be to blame,
That Want and Crime are rampant in our midst?
Who, but ourselves, who prostitute the powers
Which we possess, in such a wanton way?
Come, let us reason. Let us strive to learn
The truth of life.

Two things are requisite
For the accomplishment of any work.
One is Intelligence, the power divine
Which every man possesses in himself.
The other is the medium through which
This power reveals itself in various
And wondrous forms. This medium, we know,
Is land, with everything that land supplies,
All opportunities which Nature gives
For the free use of man. Intelligence,
That forms your mighty buildings, for the stone,
The iron, and what else they may contain,
Calls upon Nature, who supplies them all.

“How then can any man perform his work,
If ye allow him not the use of land,
Or what the land supplies? How shall he live,
If he have not some place to lay his head?
Shall he depart the earth, because the land

PHILO-SOPHIA

Belongs to So-and-so ? My brothers, no !
The earth belongs to all the human race !
But, as each man requires some special spot,
Whereon to live, he and his family,
And his full share of Nature's bounteous stores,
So freely given, to support his life.
And aid him bring ideas into form ;
Whate'er his purpose be, whatever part
Of common wealth he would monopolize,
That, and that only, should he render back
Into the common fund. So would each man
Freely possess whatever he produced.
So would the social structure find support
Amplly provided for its every need.
So should we bid all social ill depart."

The people marveled at the simple truth
Of the great teacher's saying. But alas !
Its very clearness left them mystified,
For they were trained through generations past
To the unjust and complex scheme they knew,
And they could see not how they might begin
Its dire complexity to simplify.
Vainly their teacher told them, " Ignorance
Must first be overcome, and ye must learn
How simple and divine in harmony.
Ye must have born in you a consciousness
Of the soul's greatness, and must learn to know

ACEON

That every unit is responsible
For his own doings, and for them alone.
If thou, my brother-soul, art living true
To thine own higher self, in harmony
With its diviner thought, then thou art free
From all the discords of material life.
What others do, is no concern of thine.
They may not injure thee. Their evil thought,
If such they have, reverts upon themselves.
And, for the rest, if thou wouldst aid the march
Of onward progress toward the common good,
Think well, speak nobly, and thy work is done.
Thought is the ruling and creative power."

Aceon heard, and straightway he desired
To know and love the teacher. And he came,
Unseen, and touched him in his secret heart,
So that a mighty passion kindled there,
Whose flame burnt to the heavens. And Aceon
Claimed kinship with the poet from that day.

CANTO IV.

THE CHILD.

ON a fair summer's day, the sunset glow
Tinged all the woodland with a golden brown,
And, dancing o'er the waters, lit the waves,
As with a thousand little crimson flames.

PHILO-SOPHIA

All day, the teacher wrought his mighty work,
Stirring the minds of men to deeper thoughts,
And nobler aspirations. Now, at length,
He rested, in the peaceful, happy home
By his pure presence blessed, and sanctified
By love's bright ministry.

In his embrace,
Resting as lightly as a fairy form,
Reclined his lovely bride. Across the sea
They looked, and watched the great, red orb of
heaven,
Rolling from cloud to cloud, anointing each
With his rich splendor, till he disappeared.

And then, they looked no more across the sea,
But each one gazed into the face so dear,
Where dwelt love's mystery, and sought again
To read the story words might never tell.
And thus they sat, until the woman spake,
"Oh! I am happy, happier than a queen,
Just to be here, and look into thine eyes,
My love! There is a heavenly world in them,
So full of harmony, and love, and peace,
I wish I were one of the thoughts that fly
In its pure atmosphere, from morn till eve."

"And so thou art, my little one. All day,
Wherever I may be, whate'er I do,

ACEON

There is no thought among my many thoughts,
Greater than thou. Thy influence pervades
All that I ever think, or do, or say."

The summer evening rested on the scene.
They sat in silence, and the flowers without
Wafted their fragrance to the shrine of love,
And the calm stars their gentle radiance shed
Into her bower. And then, all suddenly,
There shone a light behind them in the room,
And a sweet voice rang gently through the
gloom,
"Ye are more blessèd than ye comprehend!"

They started up, and saw a woman stand,
All clothed in light, a radiant, angel form,
And they were silenced by her majesty.
"Speak! I am come to dwell with you," she said.
"I sought an earthly home, and found it here."

"Then," said the poet, "art thou come from
heaven?
Art thou an angel? We have understood
That angels had no sex, and yet it seems
Thou art a woman. Come! We welcome thee!"

"Thou speakest truly, friend," the angel said.
"Angels are more than human. They are whole

PHILO-SOPHIA

And perfect in themselves. They need not seek
A complement without, as ye must do,
Who live so small and limited a life.
But ye are angels, and are perfect, too.
Whatever of perfection is not here,
Within the mortal frame, liveth above.
Now I have willed to send into the earth
Part of my perfect being, and to thee,
Thou fair and virtuous woman, it is given.
I am the guardian angel of the child
Who shall be born of thee. And thou and I
Shall guide his footsteps, thou upon the earth
And I in heaven. When he shall arrive
Unto maturity, like other men,
He will be left to freely choose his way.
If then his choice is well, I shall descend
Into his being, and he shall become
Perfect in truth and wisdom. If he choose
The pleasures of the earth, I may no more
So closely guide him. 'Tis the law of life,
That if ye love the perfect and divine,
It shall be manifest in you. If thoughts
Of this sphere's sorrows, or its passions, rise
To blind you to the inner consciousness
Of the soul's life, that life will sleep as dead,
So deeply buried in the trivial thoughts
Which ye consider, that it seems to be
Irrevocably lost. But thou hast learned,

ACEON

Teacher of men, this inner life divine,
So I have sought thee out, to be the means
Of my expression on the earthly plane.
Your son, my brother, and my sister-soul,
Shall be a great musician. All the earth
Hath never seen another such as he.
He shall reveal the very heavens to men.
See that you teach him to remember me,
His higher nature, and his life shall be
As pure and lofty as the starry heavens,
For his soul's name is Aceon the Fair."

And so they stood before the angel there,
Silent, astonished, sanctified, that they
Were chosen to provide embodiment
For such a glorious spirit. And they knelt
Before her, as she consecrated them
To their sweet, holy task, and bade them live
In purity and truth, that all the world
Might reap a greater blessing in their son.
And so she left them, and departed thence,
Into the lowest heaven, to guide the life
That should be born on earth.

And now there came
Out from among the ministering souls,
Those who had been musicians on the earth,
And gathered round the angel Aceon.

PHILO-SOPHIA

And when the child was born, they pledged
themselves
To aid him in his work, if he desired
Their guidance.

Aceon smiled upon them all,
Saying, " My brothers, yonder is the soul
That shall succeed you all upon the earth !
His work shall glorify what ye have done,
And then surpass it ! " And they answered,
" Yea.
With all the power of music glorified,
If he desires it, we shall lead him on ! "

And the child grew to boyhood. Fair he was,
As any flower that drinks the morning dew.
And music was his nature. Every bird
And every flower had its sweet song for him.
And he too sang, and, as the years passed on,
Breathed into every tuneful instrument
The very soul of music. And there came
The throng of guardian souls, and led him on,
Into the wildest labyrinths of song.

Aceon watched the scene. And to the soul
Of that fair child, she called, and bade him come
To meet her, in the borderland of sleep.
And when he came, he wore upon his head

ACEON

A wreath of snow-white lilies, beautiful
And fragrant as the fair Elysian flowers.

Aceon met the child, and said to him,
"Little one, wilt thou give thyself to me,
And work for music while thy life shall last
Upon the earth?" And thus the child replied,
"Yea! For I love thee!"

Aceon drew him close
Into her bosom. Then she took a crown
Of blushing, tender rosebuds, she had brought,
And said, "Wilt thou give up thy lily-crown
For this of roses?" And the child replied,
"Yes! I would like them! They are prettier!"

"See!" It has thorns!" the angel sadly said,
For she foresaw, that with the gayer crown,
The gayer life, temptations must arise,
And she was loth to let her darling go,
Where trouble might approach him. But he
cried,
"No matter! While the roses are so fair,
Who cares for thorns?"

She took his lily-crown,
And placed it at his feet. He bowed his head
To take the brighter crown. Then with his foot,

PHILO-SOPHIA

He crushed the lilies of his innocence.
Aceon wept to see the lovely flowers
Demolished. But the child looked fairer still,
Decked in the crimson buds. And so she sent
The fresh-crowned child-musician back to earth.

CANTO V.

THE ATONEMENT.

THE child of Aceon went forth to sing,
And inspiration rested on his brow.
No mortal ear had ever yet been charmed
With music such as this. His instrument
Woke all the silent music into life
That Nature held, and showed to him alone.

But now he found that innocence must be
The price of glory, and experience
Widened his vision. And the time drew near,
When he must choose between the right and
wrong,

The carnal and the spiritual. Now,
Aceon more than ever lingered near,
Hoping to find expression in his life,
And glorify his triumph in the truth.

But, child of earth and heaven, he was prone,
Like other men, to error, for he knew

ACEON

Only his lower nature yet, and sought
To satisfy its cravings, knowing not
The greater satisfaction in the power
Born of the spirit's life. Upon his brow,
Unseen by mortal eyes, he wore the crown
Of blushing rosebuds,—they had opened now,
Displaying each a heart of richest gold,
And Nature's deepest crimson. And he stood
There, in the noble glory of his youth.
Aceon longed to reach him. Could she turn
Into a godly channel, all he wore
Of passion beautified, the world might grasp
A glorious truth. But he was far away
From her sweet influence, engrossed in things
Of other sort than she would have him know.

So she could only wait, and trust that time
Would teach him what he would not understand
From his sweet mother's lips, or from the voice
Of his own higher nature, for the earth
So lured him with its sweet voluptuousness,
That he desired no higher, heavenlier love,
Choosing to squander all his wondrous store
Of rich affection, on the things of earth.

Then, when the time of greatest triumph came,
And all the world had paused, that it might gaze
Upon his kingly beauty, then a thorn,

PHILO-SOPHIA

Part of his rose-crown, pierced his haughty brow.
All angrily he snatched the lovely crown,
And those fair, full-blown roses, trembling there,
Upon their stems, for very fullness, fell,
A shower of scattered petals, to the earth.

He bowed his head and wept. The lovely crown
Had been his glory. He had loved it well,
And lost it. Where the crimson roses were,
Only a few green leaves now still remained,
And all the cruel thorns. His kingly head
Was bowed in sorrow at the sudden loss
Of passion's beauty, and he wept again.

Presently he arose. He stood erect.
A stern, fierce splendor rested on his brow.
He took his instrument, and went abroad
Among the multitude, and played for them.
The light of youthful passion all had fled,
Leaving his countenance no longer fair
With love's voluptuousness. A courage bold
Now marked his actions. For he scorned the
hurts
Existence offers to the crowned head.

The multitude arose, and hailed his name.
They carried him in triumph through the streets,
And crowned his brow with laurels green and gay.

ACEON

But none removed the thorny crown he wore,
For those of earth could not perceive it there.
Ah ! Though the crown of laurels seemeth light,
Too often lies unseen beneath its leaves
A crown of sorrows, whose sharp, cruel thorns
Ever remind the wearer of a time
When roses decked his brow, when life was young,
And hours were wasted, chasing vanity.
He sees the destiny he might have won.
He feels that he has paid an awful price
For all his glory and his gayety.

Nature would guide us tenderly to truth
With all her myriad voices, whispering
About us, and within us. But she chides,
In thundering, awful accents, him who dares
Her message to defy. And so there came,
In perfect sequence, all the ill effects
Of living only in his lower self
To Aceon's child. And through the dreary years,
Sorrow and trouble lurked along his path.
He fled into the lonely wilderness,
Far from the fearful haunts of living men,
And dwelt alone with Nature. And he cried
To all the Gods for aid. In answer came
His own soul's admonition, "Know thyself !
Thou hast denied the being of the soul,
And thy soul's wisdom has been lost to thee.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Life is not only human. One must know
The over-soul, that part of him which dwells
Above the earth, and only lives in him,
As he allows, and wills it so to do.
If thou at last hast found the earthly life
Unsatisfying, call upon thy soul,
The higher part of thee, to manifest
Its being and its power unto thee."

And he arose, and shouted joyfully,
To the wild forest and the open sky,
"My soul, be manifest! Proclaim thyself!
Point me the rightful path. I will no more
Follow my own desire. I comprehend
Now, what my mother said, so long ago,
And what my father taught the people then.
O Thou great spirit! Thou who once ap-
peared
To my dear, noble parents, be my guide!
Live in my life, and I will live for thee!"

All joyfully the angel Aceon
Out of the heavens came, and laid her hands
Where the sad wounds had been, and they were
healed.
And where the crown of thorns had lately been,
There shone a radiant light about his head,
The symbol of at-one-ment with his soul.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ROMANCE.

LILIAN.

At a window high, in an ancient tower,
Where clinging ivy twines,
Wreathing an airy, lofty bower,
And the gentle moonlight shines,
There, like a picture fair and bright,
Lilian stood, in her robe of white.

Heavenward turned were the maiden's eyes,
Scanning the stars above
That looked on this angel in human guise,
With infinite, tender love.
And it seemed that they spake to the maiden's
soul
Of the meaning of life, and its heavenly goal.

She learned their message. She sang their
song
Of truth and liberty.

LILIAN

She vowed that her purpose, her whole life
 long,
 To further the right should be.
And under the stars she planned a way
Of leading the world to a brighter day.

At the window high, where the ivy
 wreathed,
 And the gentle moonbeams fell,
To that maiden fair a tale was breathed
 That one had longed to tell,
Who now in the beauty of youthful pride,
Stood by the lovely maiden's side.

He was speaking of love, in accents sweet,
 Tender, impassioned, free !
He gazed in her eyes that look to greet
 Which he longed and hoped to see,
But Lilian, a statue white and fair,
Stood motionless and silent there.

She heard him speak, and her heart beat
 fast,
 She loved the gallant youth
For the sake of a happy childhood past.
 Now for a higher truth
She must give her life, and cast aside
The pleasures of life and its empty pride.

PHILO-SOPHIA

So Lilian thought, and she spake at
length,
"What shall I answer thee?
I feel in my soul a mighty strength;
My life must be grand and free.
I have a noble work to do;
How may I give myself to you?"

Cold and white as a marble form,
She seemed in her lover's eyes;
But in her soul a mighty storm
Was bidding fair to rise.
'Twixt the earthly love and that of heaven,
Choice to the maiden's soul was given.

She chose the love of the higher spheres.
She looked to the stars for aid.
She strove to drive back the blinding tears.
Then a voice from heaven said,
"Lilian, well hast thou made thy choice,
Well hast thou heeded the angel's voice.

"Know then, sweet maiden, that all is well.
Love and thy work are one.
For while on the earth thy soul must dwell,
It never can work alone.
For feminine Wisdom is powerless still,
Without the masculine Love and Will.

LILIAN

"Join then thy power and ability
With this that is sent to thee.
Let maidenly grace and nobility
Join all their purity
With the strength and love of manly power.
So shall ye rule, each passing hour.

Lilian lifted her lovely head
With a smile of sweet delight
That all about a radiance shed
Of pure, celestial light.
She turned to her lover, and spake, "'Tis true.
The work was given to me and you.

"And we shall do it together, Love,
Working thus, side by side,
Under the stars that smile above.
Lilian shall be thy bride."
And a smile of joy her lips caressed,
As she laid her head on his manly breast.

Lilian, the story of Love should come
To all, as it came to thee,
Making life perfect, where'er we roam,
Making the soul more free,
For Wisdom and Love must together live,
If souls to the world their best would give.

PHILO-SOPHIA

THE SCYTHER AND THE FLOWER.

AGES ago, love, at the time
When glorious Athens was in her prime,
And the sun of Hellas its glory shed
Where the Spartan heroes fought and bled,
Our two souls came from the realms above
And blended on earth in a perfect love,
A love from eternity decreed,
Transcending thought, or speech, or deed.

But the scythe of Time came sweeping by.
We, like the rest, were doomed to die.
Our souls were severed. The way was shown,
Which each must take, henceforth alone.
And we wandered in anguish to and fro,
Till the gods took pity on our woe,
And by their leave, it was decreed,
And the ancient reaper Time agreed,

That if ever he left a single flower
Untouched by his scythe, he would grant an hour
Out of the gulf of eternity
To us, that, wherever our souls might be,
We could meet again, as we did of old,
And each to the other the depths unfold
Of a love that is fathomless, pure, and true,
Enduring the sorrowful ages through.

THE SCYTHE AND THE FLOWER

Centuries pass, and each flower that blows,
Under the scythe of the reaper goes.
He laughs as I follow him on and on,
And points to the ages fallen and gone,
"The past lies waste! The flowers are before!
Your old-time love you will find no more!"
He swings his scythe with careless power,
And behold! He has missed a tiny flower.

What joy it was when we met that day,
In the strange new land, in a modern way,
And looked at each other through human eyes,
Beholding our souls in their new disguise.
When the Fates had thrust our lives apart,
Why did we speak thus, heart to heart,
In that happy hour, that stolen hour?
Why? Time had passed by a forget-me-not
flower.

Ah, love, I know that you understand,
By this sweet token. You took my hand,
And pressed the yielding finger-tips,
Tenderly, lovingly, to your lips.
The act was wrong, in the eyes of men.
But, if twin-flames meet, to part again,
Who cares for the world in a stolen hour,
When we challenge its customs, its creeds, and
its power?

PHILO-SOPHIA

AN EASTER PROPHECY.

'Twas a lovely Easter morning. All the earth
was bright and fair
In the glory of the springtime. And the fra-
grant balmy air
Fanned my cheek with sweet remembrance of
the distant long ago,
When I trod this self same pathway, in youth's
buoyant, happy glow.
My life had been successful,—so the world had
cause to say,—
But my heart was sad and lonely, on that lovely
Easter day.
I was musing, even while the sky spread blue
and calm above,
“I would give e'en heaven's broad sunshine for
a ray of human love.”

But suddenly I heard a chime of bells peal forth
the hour,
And, as of old, I stood beneath the great cathe-
dral tower.
It reared itself protectingly, as if it were a
friend,
Which Heaven had deemed it wise and good my
lonely life to send.

AN EASTER PROPHECY

Then I entered. All within was calm. The air
was still and sweet

With the fragrance of the flowers brought the
Easter morn to greet.

Then the organ thundered forth a peal of glori-
ous melody,

And human voices joined their song in chorus
grand and free !

And my soul arose to join them. I no longer
was alone,

For all around the glory of the spirit's brightness
shone.

When the anthem was completed and again the
place was still,

And the joyousness of heaven every spirit seemed
to fill,

I saw a slender youth before the multitude appear.
Every eye was bent upon him. Every ear was
strained to hear.

A graceful, southern youth he was, from fair
Italia's land,

And his violin lay lightly in his lithe and nervous
hand.

Every listener waited breathless for the music to
begin,

For they knew the wealth and beauty of his
magic violin.

PHILO-SOPHIA

And the piece of Easter music that he was about
to play
Had been written by his master, the composer of
the day.
All impatiently we waited, but he did not raise
his bow.
His countenance was ruddy with a happy inward
glow.
And suddenly he stepped aside, with airy, youth-
ful grace.
And behold! another, grand and noble, stepped
into his place.

The younger knelt before him, a picture bright
and fair,
And his youthful voice rang sweetly through the
heavy fragrant air.
Rich, impassioned, full of beauty, cried in accents
loud and clear,
“Hail! Columbia’s great musician!” and ’twas
answered by a cheer!
And the multitude uprose and cried, in chorus
grand and strong,
“Hail! the lord of Nature’s music! Hail! the
Nation’s soul of song.”
But he stood serene, unmoved and calm, a man
advanced in years,

AN EASTER PROPHECY

And his calmness told his story. He had van-
quished hopes and fears.

He had learned to overcome the many trials life
may bring.

He had tuned his soul to music. He had taught
the world to sing.

And now he stood before the ones to whom his
name was dear,

And they loudly hailed his presence with a grand
united cheer.

From the boy who knelt beside him, he took the
magic bow,

And raised it as a signal. Every voice was
hushed and low !

Every murmur died away, and soon the place
was calm and still,

Held by the magic power of the great musician's
will.

Every head was bowed in reverence. Every
heart was full of love.

For the great musician seemed to bear a message
from above.

And they listened all enraptured, while the organ
played its part.

Then he touched the little instrument that lay
upon his heart,

PHILO-SOPHIA

Oh! the music swelled resounding through the
fragrant air again,
Like a grand archangel's summons to the weary
souls of men.
Crying, "Break the bonds of limitation! Res-
urrection is at hand!
Soar beyond thy finite being! Hearken to the
Lord's command."

It was a grand triumphant song, well fit for
Easter morn,
And to each soul, as unto mine, its message
sweet was borne.
I looked upon the player. There he stood, serene
and grand,
Knowing well the sacred power God had trusted
in his hand.
I had seen that face aforetime, in the distant long
ago,
When those locks were dark and glossy, now as
white as driven snow,
When the light of passion kindled in the eyes of
careless youth.
Now—his being and his music spoke of harmony
and truth.

And I clasped my hands for joy, to think that
even now, at last,

AN EASTER PROPHECY

He had risen grand, victorious o'er the trials of
the past.
And my soul arose to meet him, on the higher,
grander plane,
Where the spirit in its glory over all supreme
may reign.
Whence came that radiant Easter morn? It
was a prophecy,
A flower culled from out the field of dreams, so
fair and free,
A picture of the future, where Columbia shall
reign
Queen of music, queen of poetry, the whole
world's homage claim.

America! My native land! Arise! Prepare the
way!
For behold! The bridegroom cometh! It is
near the break of day.
He is in your midst this moment. Genius dwells
among the rest.
Call it forth to show its beauty. Put its
grandeur to the test.
So Columbia's great musician shall be true and
grand and free,
Free to soar to heaven, seeking gems of richest
harmony.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Though the present world may know him not,
the future shall proclaim,
And all the earth shall echo with the glory of
of his name.

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH

ALLEGORY

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

I CAME one day on the Temple of Truth.
In a city great it stood.
And clamoring round its many gates,
Was a motley multitude.
A strange confusion reigned on every hand.
Amazed I was, and could not understand,
Why strife should rampant be with those who
sought for good.

How many times had I conjured up,
By Fancy's potent spell,
A picture fair of the Temple of Truth !
I had learned to love it well.
But in my dream, 'twas stately and serene,
Simple, magnificent, a restful scene,
Whose power and beauty should all discord quell.

Here, then, I stood, astonished, dis-
mayed,
For my temple I could not find.

PHILO-SOPHIA

There were many structures of many
names,
And each of a different kind.
And at each gate, the eager people cried,
"Ours is the truth! There is no truth
beside!
We only have seen the truth, and all the rest are
blind!"

I wandered among them for many days.
I listened their various creeds,
And at last I decided to enter one
Which answered my soul's deep
needs,
With greater promises than all the rest.
And here I thought to end my weary quest
Of "truth for its own sake" of which the stu-
dent reads.

The temple I chose was a simple one,
Of noble, Grecian art.
It was shunned by the clamoring multi-
tude,
And stood from their temples
apart.
"The Temple of Philosophy," I read
Above the gate, with reverence bowed my
head

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH

And entered, shouting not aloud, but worship-
ping in heart.

And now I found that this temple
fair,

Was a vestibule to another shrine,
To which I hastened with eager feet.

It was the Temple of Truth di-
vine.

And here I found that every temple led
Into this one, their fountain, and their
head,

Whose rays of light and truth in every system
shine.

Within this temple were those glorious
souls,

Whose thought had led the world
through ages past.

They asked me not what gate I entered
at,

Content that I had found the
truth at last.

From gate to gate we passed, and lent a
hand,

To souls of all religions, every land,
Content on every creed and race, the light of
Truth to cast.

PHILO-SOPHIA

THE FALL OF MAN.

YE fleecy clouds, that deck the sky's expanse
And gleam like silver in the summer sun,
Oh, tell me whence ye come, and what ye are.
Onward ye float, till yonder mountain tops
Are reached. And then in cool, refreshing rain
Ye shall descend, and make the waters glad
That wandered sluggishly thro' dale and glen,
So that in dashing torrents they descend,
To join the stream that wanders at my side,
And sings, in murmuring cadence, soft and low
As on it flows to join the boundless sea,
This song, "Eternity, eternity."
Ye skies above, so deep and blue and fair,
That bend o'er all as with a kindly smile,
What is your message for the yearning soul?
It comes in yonder lark's glad evening song.
So high he soars that one would think his note
Came from some angel's voice that sweetly sang
The words, "Infinity, infinity."
And still another voice, its message brings,
Borne on the evening breeze, it whispers low,
And I am startled, for the mystic sound
Comes not from earth or sky, from wood or
stream.
But from within my soul, in accents low

THE FALL OF MAN

It speaks, "Be still, and know that I am God."
"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth," I reply;
And, as I listen, accents rich and sweet
Fill all the ancient grove with melody.
"Know, then, O man! that through the ages
past,
Before the sun on high his circuit ran,
Even before the universe had form,
Intelligence could speak the words 'I am.'
Intelligence was all, and by his word,
All things created were, the earth, the sea,
The firmament, and all that in them is.
And over all, the law of harmony
Held potent sway, and when the work was done
Intelligence surveyed it with content.
Then, to complete the work and crown it all,
He built a glorious temple, fair and good,
Where he might dwell, and from it issue forth
His will and blessing to his universe.
'Tis good,' the monarch said, when all was done,
And in his temple fair, his home was made.
But, as he gazed in rapture o'er the scene,
He fell asleep, and dreamed a direful dream.
Out from the beauteous earth, it seemed, there
came
A serpent, Ignorance, whose awful sway
Held e'en the God within its dreadful power.
Into the beauteous fane the serpent crept,

PHILO-SOPHIA

Bringing to that fair palace death's decay.
And when Intelligence looked forth again
The powers which once he wielded seemed to be
All-powerful to destroy and rule their King.
And now, content to grovel in the dust,
He wandered forth. The universe so fair
Seemed wonderful, although he made it all.
And, seeking for the world's creative power,
He called it 'God,' and set it on a throne,
That he might worship it. A thing without
It seemed to him, through Ignorance' dread power.
And still he slept, but once, upon his sleep,
The light of consciousness its radiance beamed.
But Ignorance still held him in its power.
No longer king, he had become a slave
To all his forces, though he knew it not.
So to that light he bowed, but did not grasp
Its flame, and wield his own unbounded power.
But still he followed it, and so was led
To higher thoughts, but was subjected still
To Ignorance' dread sway. Know thou, O man !
That hearest this, it is thy history.
Intelligence embodied, I am come,
The light of consciousness, to lead thee home,
To teach thee of thy nature. Know thyself.
Thou art the King of all this universe.
It is thy thought, created by thy power.
Wake, ye who slumber, to the glorious day.

THE FALL OF MAN

While ye have slept, the law of harmony
Hath kept its power. And all that ye have seen
Of discord, death, subjection, and decay
Are but the phantoms of your ignorance.
Oh, dream no longer, man! Arise and claim
The power that waiteth for thy guiding hand.
Awake! Thou hast not yet the beauties seen
Of thy fair universe. Thy limbs are stiff
With sleeping through the ages. Let the life
Of thy true being course along thy veins,
And make thy temple glorious as before ;
Soar through the wide and infinite expanse
Of thy creations. See thy thought expressed
In harmony divine. Forget thy dream,
And know of nothing but the truth and love
Which fill thy universe. Come, claim thy bride,
And take her home. Her name is Harmony.
Be fruitful, man, and multiply thy kind.
Fill all the earth with truth and liberty,
Confidence, love, these shall thy children be.
Perfection is thy law ; infinity,
Thy nature ; and thy goal, eternity.

PHILO-SOPHIA

THE SISTERS.

WITHIN a cloud of dazzling, silver white,
Two angel sisters dwelt, all robed in light.
One held a golden lyre, and sweetly sang.
From sphere to sphere her gentle accents rang,
And gathering there from near and from afar,
From planets, worlds, and every distant star,
Came forth those souls whose mission was to bear
Sweet Music's strains abroad throughout the air.

They gathered round their lovely angel queen,
Ethereal shapes, born but to grace the scene,
And carry forth those sounds of melody
On airy wings through realms of harmony.
And Music there reclined among them all,
A myriad souls obedient to her call,
Who, kneeling there, enraptured, gathered round,
Straining their ears to catch each whispered sound.

Meanwhile, the angel Poesy looked forth,
Swept with her glance the earth from South to
North,
From West to East. Then bent her head to
weep,
For seemingly the world was all asleep.
Men went their ways, and looked toward the sky,
But never heard the music from on high,

THE SISTERS

Where joyous, pealing notes forever swell,
The region where the souls of music dwell.

She turned and said, "Fair sister, I must go.
My work is sadly needed there below."
She spread her wings. A slender, silver thread
Marked out her path as toward the earth she sped.
She reached her goal ; and patiently and well
She taught and labored, by her magic spell
Revealing to the denizens of earth
The secret of a higher, heavenly birth.

Thus do the sisters work and sing to-day.
Music still sings her tender, plaintive lay.
And still the souls of music gather round,
Enchanted by the pealing, swelling sound,
Passing it on from soul to soul along,
Blending their notes in one triumphant song.
But — only Music's chosen souls may rise
Into that glorious Heaven of the skies.

Not so with Poesy, the sweet and meek.
She is not sought. Her mission is to seek.
From dawn till night, she treads the paths of men,
Anon returns, to tread them o'er again,
Sowing abroad the seeds of truth and light,
Whose growth shall in its time disperse the night,
And let the light of love and wisdom shine,
When men shall understand the life divine.

MEDITATION

IN THE SILENCE.

O THOU great, silent calm, my soul is free,
Free from life's care and turmoil, one with thee.
Spirit of peace, pervading all around,
Calming all discord, silencing all sound,
Bidding all motion cease, all speech be still,
My soul attends upon thy sovereign will.

Within the veil of thy deep sanctity,
The soul is one with truth and Deity.
It sees no more of discord or of strife,
Of complex being, and imperfect life, —
Only the silence, still, and calm, and deep,
Eternal stillness, peaceful rest, and sleep.

The peace of God, the love of Christ, is here.
O souls of little faith and trembling fear,
Cast off your burdens! Let them fall away.
Enter the bliss of this eternal day.
Find ye at last the long-sought home of peace.
Rejoice! Herein the soul shall find release.

IN THE SILENCE

Freedom and peace are one. Tell all the earth
The soul hath found a higher, freer birth,
A life divine, all free from care and sin,
Waiting to be revealed, this life within.
Let it shine forth, O man ! No longer hide
The beauty of thy heaven-sent spirit-bride.

Great souls that know the silence, let them speak
Calming the strife, and comforting the weak.
Spirit of peace and love, O send them forth
To spread the tidings far as south from north,
Far as the sun's rays shine to banish night,
Transmuting darkness into radiant light.

Give them the tongues of angels ! Let them tell
Of that sweet home, wherein the soul may dwell,
Knowing all things, sublime in knowing all,
Firm in the faith that truth may never fall,
That discord shall in truth be overcome,
And harmony the soul's eternal home.

O wondrous love that dwells within the soul !
O gentle rest and peace ! O perfect whole !
God ! Thou art here in truth ! We know Thee
now !

Thou shinest forth on every brother's brow.
Within the soul, we may commune with Thee,
And know Thy love, Thy truth, Thy liberty !

PHILO-SOPHIA

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

I WALK alone. The night is calm and still.
Above, the sky spreads, deep and broad and
grand,
An azure field, a glorious starry world,
Where for a passing space, my spirit dwells.
Each star that glitters brightly overhead
Seemeth a sister-spirit, born of light.
And thoughts as deep and grand as Heaven itself
Lift up my soul to the infinitude
Of the vast starry realm that spreads above.

The busy noises of the day are hushed.
I *feel* the silence of eternity.
Intelligence divine unfolds for me
The glorious mysteries of the universe.
What means the bondage of the earthly sphere
When Heaven's immensity is thus revealed?
This universe is born within my soul.
My comprehension scarce can grasp the thought.
And striving for the mastery, I forget
All meaner thoughts, in soaring thus afar
Among my kindred souls of freer birth,
Whose life is harmony and love divine.
I cry to Heaven, "Oh, give me voice to speak,
That I may spread this freedom far and wide."
But silence is the answer to my call,

THE SOUL OF MUSIC

The great, deep silence of infinity.
But I must speak ! My soul is full of joy !
It must some outlet find, or break its bonds
And soar aloft ! But still the silence reigns,
As deep and grand and glorious as before.

But hark ! The spell is broken. On the air
A low and tender strain of music steals.
It is a violin, and well I know
From whence the music comes, that throbs and
 swells
And speaks, I know, of life and love divine.
My spirit, soaring in the realms of light,
Hears not the measures of a violin,
Sees not the image of the man who plays,
But hears a soul's expression in that strain,
A soul, like mine, inspired by higher thoughts.

Louder, and more exultant grow the tones,
Answered by all the spirits of the air,
Echoed by all of Heaven's immensity,
Above, the very vaults of Heaven ring.
His soul and mine are one in that sweet strain.
It bears aloft alike his thought and mine
And that of all to whom the glorious night
Speaks not in vain in its lesson so sublime.
It is a soul that speaks. No paltry thing
Of wood and strings, contrived by mortal hands.

PHILO-SOPHIA

A God, a soul of origin divine
Speaks forth his knowledge of the universe.
Oh! That my soul might speak so well in words!
But I must be content to let my thought
Flow to his soul, and find expression there.
The sound is dying. Soft and low and sweet,
It lingers trilling on the breathless night,
And now — it ceases. For the artist's soul
Has found expression in his melody.
But mine is full. An added mystery
Is there. Before, I heard the voice of God,
And understood its meaning. Now, I stand
Bewildered, with a heart too full to weep.
Oh, speak again, thou soul of music! Speak!
But he has found expression. I, alone,
Must face the silence of the universe.

POESY.

LIFE lives in thee, sweet Poesy!
Thine is the law of motion, life, and love.
Nature has taught her children to obey
Thy law of endless rhythm. Night follows day,
Day follows night. The seasons come and go.
Nor wave across the ocean's rugged breast,
Nor planet in its destined course may move,

POESY

Save as thy law impels them. Even love,
The source of all, may never be expressed,
Till in some soul thy impulse stirs the life
Which radiates in waves of harmony,
Wakening in every soul a like response
Of thrilling joy. Vibration stirs the air,
And heaven and earth with music sweet are rife,
Or light and color burst upon our view,
Revealing forms so wondrous and so fair,
That joy unspoken lies, deep in the heart.
Love loves in thee, sweet Poesy !

O wake the consciousness of human souls
To thy great all-pervading mystery !
Let love, and life, and truth be manifest
To them in thee. About them ever rolls
The boundless tide of thought, that serves thy will,
And sways the mighty current of their life.
Let them but learn thy law, and be at rest,
In all-surpassing knowledge, and delight.
Thought rules in thee, sweet Poesy !

PROGRESS

THE ADVANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

THROUGH all the ages, mystic, sage, and seer,
Prophet, and poet, one and all, have taught
That, with the passing of each fleeting year,
We near the goal that man has ever sought.

Onward and upward ever doth he strive,
Undaunted still pursues the end supreme.
His cherished hopes for freedom daily thrive
Even when his surroundings darkest seem.

The prophecies of poet, seer, and sage,
Or oracle, can do no more to prove
Than do the needs and hopes of man presage
The reign of universal peace and love.

The time is coming. That we know full well.
How quickly it may come is ours to say.
It may be ours to ring the parting knell
Of black oppression. Let us not delay.

THE ADVANCE OF THE PEOPLE

Around us swells a Revolution's tide,
Yet in its midst, a few are still asleep.
Awake, if ye regard the nation's pride,
Or wake too late. The faithful vigil keep.

The time is come. Arise, and play your parts.
Never had men such noble parts to play.
Arise, as one, a million loyal hearts
Enter with mind and soul into the fray.

In years to come, men yet unborn shall say,
"How glorious 'twere to live in such a time!"
And wonder that we could so long delay
The practice of the principles sublime

Which reason teaches, and which men of brain
Dare not refute, howe'er their tastes may lie,
Opposed alone by those whose greed for gain
Makes them unheedful of their victim's cry.

Advance, ye sons of freedom, sons of light!
Your enemies are not your fellowmen.
Against the power of Ignorance ye fight,
And ye must slay him o'er and o'er again.

On every hand his banner is unfurled.
Where'er ye turn, his influence is known.
His dread oppression circles round the world.
So powerful is he in himself alone.

PHILO-SOPHIA

This Giant is the foe that we must face.
United, we are strong to overcome
And blot from our fair land the faintest trace
Of his oppression. Not by sword and drum,

Or outward show, shall we the conquerors be.
But, pressing forward in the cause of right
And justice. Bound by truth and loyalty
To spread the advent of the age of light.

The power of Ignorance can never stand
Against the surging, swelling tide of thought
That, unimpeded, sweeps across the land,
And wins at every point, the battle fought.

Advance, then, soldiers in the cause of right.
Yield not an inch until your cause be won !
The Golden Era dawns upon your sight,
And men like Henry George shall lead you on !

IF MEN WERE WISE.

THE poet said, "If men were wise enough
And brotherly enough to organize
Their industries on the fraternal plan,
Labor from painful drudgery would rise,

IF MEN WERE WISE

And crown the earth with blessings meet and
good.

Men will no longer be the slaves of gold,
But wealth will be the servant of all men,
In the great days that coming ages hold."

If men were wise and brotherly enough—

Alas! They are not, and they cannot be!
They cannot learn the truth of brotherhood,
They cannot chant the praise of liberty,
Until they have the right to share the earth,
The common heritage of God to men,
With equity and freedom in its use.
Then Liberty shall reign, and only then.

One is not free, in truth as well as name,
Unless he has the liberty to use
What share of Nature's bounties he may need,
And all his faculties, as he may choose.
That "brotherhood" which undertakes to tell
A man what path to take, what work to do,
Limits his freedom to the narrowest bounds.
Its brotherhood to Nature is untrue.

Men are not wise and brotherly enough,
All individual thought to cast aside.
God has not given wisdom unto men
The lives of other men to rule and guide.
Nature has given to all her bounteous earth,

PHILO-SOPHIA

And God has given to each the power of
thought,
And to each soul a special destiny,
During its human life to be outwrought.

If men were wise and brotherly enough,
They should adopt their mother Nature's
plan,
And share among themselves in equity,
All that she renders to her offspring, man.
Then there would be no need to organize,
Restrict, enforce. By God's unwritten laws,
Social affairs would readjust themselves,
As surely as effect must follow cause.

A BROTHER'S REPLY.

From the depths of the city's heat and noise,
Comes the weary, sad, complaining voice,
Of a man who is burdened with heavy care,
Crying in helpless, wild despair,
"Oh! Tell me why I long to be free,
Who am bound by the bonds of poverty,
And forced to witness the breathless strife,
Of the turbid city's daily life!
If I am here a slave to be,
Why is the love of liberty

A BROTHER'S REPLY

Implanted in my bosom here,
With thoughts of what I hold most dear ?
They say, in the drama of life to-day,
I have a part that I must play.
What is my part ? To slave and toil
That others may reap the hard-earned spoil ?
That another's children may be fed,
While mine must want for daily bread ?
What hope is there, if this be so ?
The sordid vanity and show,
Which the cruel city here displays,
Is that for which my labor pays.
Like the captive bird that longs to fly,
Can I nothing do, but droop and die ?
Would that I might, and end the strain,
That threatens to overwhelm my brain ! ”

But the answer comes from a brother true
Who of old the self same trials knew.
It falls on the other's heated brain,
Like the cooling drops of a summer's rain.
“ Brother, arise, and know the truth !
Thine is the soul's eternal youth.
Lord of thyself,—What man is more ?—
Thy riches excel all earthly store,
The wealth of an independent mind.
All that thy growing thought may find
In earth, or sky, or sea, or air,

PHILO-SOPHIA

In all this universe so fair,
Is thine by right of being here.
Arise, without a thought of fear,
And claim thy birthright ! Let it be
The symbol of thy liberty.
Be thou not bound by earthly things.
Claim thou thy title, king of kings,
For, in the universe of thought,
Thou art the ruler ; thou, who sought
Freedom from earthly chains, must know,
Thou art not bound by things below.
Thou art their monarch. They must bow
Before thee, and acknowledge now,
Their ruler, over all supreme.
Rise quickly, and thy thought redeem
From limitation's wanton lies.
Before thee, evil's power dies,
Having no life its own to call,
Losing thy sanction, loseth all.
'Tis not with the roll of the conqueror's drum,
That peace and liberty shall come.
For cries of dissension, war, and strife,
Shall never cease, till the higher life
Shall claim its place in our every thought.
By us must the magic change be wrought,
Not in an outward, open way,
But, with the light of Wisdom's ray
Illuminating all within,

A BROTHER'S REPLY

Vanquishing death, disease and sin,
Learning to know that all is good.
This is the soul's eternal food.
So, by the eye of faith, we see,
That the glorious light of liberty
Already shines on the heights above,
And whispers of unity, peace, and love.
And you and I have our parts to play
In this endless drama of to-day.
To hasten the time that is coming, when
The onward march of the minds of men
Shall have led them on to the goal they seek,
When all mankind, the strong and weak,
Shall, joining hands, united stand,
A noble, strong, and happy band,
Bound by the bonds of brotherhood,
One in the thought that all is good.

EXHORTATION

TO A CHILD.

You are climbing a ladder from earth to heaven,
Little one, and do you know,
You are drawing the whole earth nearer God,
Slowly, but surely, as you go ?

And every great and noble thought
That kindles in your soul or mine,
Draws nearer us the Source of Life,
Intelligence and Love Divine.

For souls, like you and I, my child,
Are simply parts of one great whole,
Sparks of intelligence divine,
Striving to reach a common goal.

That goal is what we know as God,
Perfection, Purity and Peace,
The endless reign of harmony,
When present limitations cease.

TO A CHILD

Almighty God within you dwells.

Know this, and you shall e'er be free.

Hold this thought for all that is,

And realize true harmony.

For life is one great harmony,

As God is one, and God is all ;

The great and universal love,

Includeth all things, great and small.

There is no evil, little one.

'Tis ignorance that would assume

That there may be opposing powers,

Whose wars should wrap our life in gloom.

'Tis ignorance to discord bows.

We know our God holds power supreme.

Intelligence alone can save,

From Ignorance our souls redeem.

But God is Wisdom, God is Love,

And these are ours, for we are one.

His life is ours, and we are free.

This knowledge is our kingdom won.

Express this knowledge in your life,

And let your light in glory shine.

Its rays will bring to other souls,

Your knowledge of the life divine.

PHILO-SOPHIA

WARNING AND EXHORTATION.

THOUGH in thy hand lie Nature's deep resources,
Spirit of earth, beware !
Thou hast subdued the earth's most subtle
forces,
Yet stay thy hand ! Forbear !

Nature to thee her deepest secrets yielding,
Hastes greater gifts to bring,
Knowing the power of thought thy hand is
wielding.
Knowledge has made thee king.

Yet, 'ere thou touch the power of earth's construction,
Think on thy purpose long.
The power that rules creation and destruction,
May work for right or wrong.

Art thou prepared for the administration
Of such a mighty trust ?
Canst thou, in every great or small relation,
Be ever true and just ?

If not, be silent. Search the deep recesses
Thy inmost being holds.
For, as thy search for truth and light progresses,
Wisdom divine unfolds.

WORK

Knowledge is power, but Wisdom must command it
From heights of perfect Love.
And Being must, if we would understand it,
Be studied from above.

Man, know thyself! Control thy lower being!
Wisdom and love divine,
From ignorance thy troubled spirit freeing,
Proclaim, "All power is thine!"

WORK.

O MANY voices, bid me not delay,
For I am on a Godly mission bent!
Call me no more, I cannot with you stay.
I must remember wherefore I was sent
Into the earth. The gentle pleasures lent
To passing moments by your mirthfulness
Mean naught to souls by pain and sorrow rent.
I must depart where wrong demands redress,
Where Love must heal the wounded soul, and
Wisdom raise and bless.

You bid me join your circle, happy friends.
You tell me that my duty lies at home,

PHILO-SOPHIA

And with your daily occupation blends.
Yet, can you tell me where, 'neath heaven's blue
dome,
My duty lies? Intelligence alone,
Perfect, divine, can bid me go or stay.
By that unfailing guide the way is shown,
Which I must follow. Be it sad or gay,
I follow still the light that guides me in my way.

Think not I wish to leave you. But the voice
Of my diviner self has given the word
For broader, grander work. And I rejoice,
Knowing that many souls have never heard
The word of freedom which my soul has stirred,
To think that I may go and break the chains
By which the march of progress is deterred,
And carry truth where trembling fear remains,
To storm the citadel where ignorance still reigns.

I have no duty of a lesser kind
Than that I render to humanity.
In serving truth the highest good I find,
Knowing that truth alone can set me free
From discord and from error. And I see,
In all true work, this highest good expressed.
At home, abroad, whate'er the task may be,
If one employs his highest and his best
In its accomplishment, that work is truly blest.

WORK

Weave not the fetters of a personal love
About me, when the voice of truth commands
That I should serve it. Stand with me above
All thought of what the smaller self demands.
Work, work with me! Come, let us join our
 hands
And work together, each in his own way.
You, in the home, and I in distant lands,
Each to his own self true. No man shall say
Who hath wrought more or less in Life's eternal
 day.

PERSONAL POEMS

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHAT little note of tribute I can raise,
Amid the throng that crowd about thy throne,
Blends in the universal song of praise,
Claiming no special merit of its own.

Yet am I sent, a messenger to thee,
From souls unlimited by mortal birth,
Who, in their high estate of life are free,
From all the cares and trials of the earth.

A time will come, when each of these shall find
A home upon our little earthly sphere,
A robe of flesh, a thinking human mind,
With human passions, human hope and fear.

And those who live upon the earth to-day
Must pave the path these unborn souls shall
tread,
When heads now wreathed in gold are crowned
with gray,
And those whose youth is finished now, are
dead.

RALPH WALDO TRINE

To thee, O Queen of Poesy and Song,
Whose voice is heard to-day from sea to sea,
The champion of the truth, the foe of wrong,
I bear their greeting, as they ordered me.

Where thou hast passed, the way lies smooth and
clear,
The mists of doubt and discord are dispersed.
Where thou hast lingered, visions bright appear,
Of lands no longer by oppression cursed.

Thou Prophetess of things that are to be,
What thou hast dreamed, we follow to upbuild.
Lead on! An endless host shall follow thee.
Thy noblest hopes and dreams shall be fulfilled.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

O'er hill and dale there sweeps a mighty voice
That thrills my soul with a strange, tender
gladness.
It bids me rise with Nature and rejoice,
And give adieu to weariness and sadness.

So truly one with Nature it appears,
That over sunlit field and dashing river,
I fancy I have heard it many years,
And still shall hear its message there forever.

PHILO-SOPHIA

But now its mystery is all unveiled,
And Nature's message finds interpretation
In words, through one, whose daring thought has
scaled
Dim heights, and known sublime transfigura-
tion.

So lightly greatness rests upon his head,
That every word and action transitory,
A messenger on wings of light is sped,
That all the world may share its radiant
glory.

Hail to the man whose thought and word and
deed,
Alike to serve humanity are given !
Follow him, all ye people ! Let us speed
True harmony on earth, like that in heaven.

HENRY GEORGE.

WHAT grander man has lived ?
What nobler martyr died ?
So great of soul ! So strong of thought !
The principles of truth he taught,
Whose wisdom was his guide.

HENRY GEORGE

They say that he is dead.
What though his course be run ?
The principle in him expressed,
Lives on, although his soul may rest,
Its Christly labors done.

What though he speaks no more ?
His words of truth and power
Are heard to-day on every hand.
His honor spreads in every land,
In this triumphant hour.

What though his hand lies still ?
Its ably wielded pen,
A menace to the power of wrong,
Shall ever move the world along
To life and thought again.

Ye powers of wrong, beware !
His spirit still lives on.
The sons of Liberty and Light,
His brothers, work for truth and right,
Until the Cause be won.

SHORTER POEMS

FANCY'S PICTURE.

PAINT me a beautiful picture,
My artist, Fancy Free.
Call at your will your models,
Whoever they may be.
Paint me as sweet a picture
As the thought which gave it birth,
And humor a poet's fancy
With the fairest scene on earth.

'Tis a room in a lofty mansion,
Where a fire is burning low,
And three friends are lingering fondly
Ere to their rest they go.
Methinks they have loved each other
As truly, in bygone years,
And the happy thoughts of the moment
Fill their eyes with joyful tears.

Handsome, and manly, and youthful,
The lord of the mansion there.
And by his side, a woman
So lovely, and sweet, and fair,

FANCY'S PICTURE

That you ask of her naught but living.
 'Tis her greatest task, to be,
That you may be able to love her,
 And her glorious beauty see.

And the third is a humble poet,
 Who their praises loves to sing ;
Who, to sanctify this friendship,
 Her noblest thoughts would bring.
The scene has a hazy beauty,
 For in it the thought of " Love "
Is figured forth in the glory
 It claimeth from above.

The lord of the mansion worships
 The woman at his side.
He looks on her love and beauty,
 With noble, manly pride.
And in their love for the poet,
 The husband and wife are one.
Their heartfelt admiration,
 Her work for her has won.

And the poet loves the others,
 As only a poet can,
Who knows the depth and feeling
 Of the heart and soul of man.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Draw the curtain, O fancy,
O'er the picture sweet and fair.
For now we are only children,
Without a thought of care.

And though we are only guessing
What the future bright may hold,
We know that its store of treasures
Is richer far than gold.
And while with sweet emotion
Our youthful hearts are thrilled,
We hope that our golden day dreams
May some day be fulfilled.

THE SOUL'S QUEST.

I HAVE sought thee, my beloved,
Through unnumbered, long-spent ages,
In the haunts of human beings,
In the realms of angel glory.
Through the calm, and through the whirlwind,
Went my soul, thy spirit seeking.
I have sought thee, my beloved,
I have sought thee everywhere !

WHITE: AN EASTER THOUGHT

Then I found thee, my beloved,
And my soul leaped forth to greet thee,
With the eagerness of longing
It had gathered through the ages.
But my heart was sick with sorrow,
For I found thee, drunk with pleasure,
And a slave to earthly passion,
Careless of thy spirit's need.

Still, I love thee, my beloved,
Though as yet I may not claim thee,
For thy spirit is immortal,
And thy destiny eternal,
And my soul shall ne'er desert thee.
In the infinite forever,
I await thee, my beloved.
Come! O come! And be at rest!

WHITE: AN EASTER THOUGHT.

WHITE is the Easter color
That gleams in the lilies fair,
Whose sweet, ethereal fragrance
Now hangs in the balmy air.

PHILO-SOPHIA

White is the color of childhood,
Of innocence holy and sweet,
Ere the soil of life's earthly pathway
Has touched the little feet.

The red of youthful passion,
The yellow of manly power,
The blue of the soul triumphant,
Each comes in its own bright hour.

But the red and the blue and the yellow
In one glorious color blend,
And all the hues of the rainbow
Their tints to its glory lend.

So the passing hues of a lifetime,
The passion, the power, and the soul,
Blend in one radiant glory,
A divine and perfect whole.

And we find, when the journey is over,
That childhood's pearly white
Has become, when the work is completed,
Like the flash of the diamond bright.

This is the lesson of Easter
With the lilies so bright and so fair,
And the song of the Resurrection
Resounding throughout the air.

THE STAR OF LOVE

The spirit has risen triumphant.
It has vanquished care and strife.
All temporal joys now discarded,
It has found eternal life !

THE LIVING LANGUAGE.

In all the wondrous treasure-house of art,
The whole array is but the minor part
Of the rich treasures heart reveals to heart.

Dead ages may a glorious tale unwind,
But in their chronicles are not confined
The living treasures of the human mind.

Here is a language all can comprehend ;
Here is an art in which all ages blend : —
Love, Life, our Source, our Being, and our End.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

I THOUGHT the old love dead.
Its flame, long since grown dull,
Had burned itself away in suffering
Whose cup was full.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Its ashes, cold and white,
Lay scattered here and there,
All that was left of Love's most wondrous light,
That gleamed so fair.

Lo ! Where the flame once burned,
Now quenched by bitter tears,
Fair as the halo for some sainted head,
A light appears.

It speaks of faith and hope,
Of deep and earnest thought,
It speaks of noble, self-forgetting deeds,
In silence wrought.

And now, its message told,
I see the flame arise.
Far o'er my head it gleams, in infinite
And azure skies.

And thus, in rapture sweet,
I see it shine afar.
It leads my soul into the infinite.
My own bright star !

No longer shall I mourn
The loss of passion's glow.
The star of love that guides me in my path
Lives not below.

WAKING SONG

O souls that struggle on
In darkness and despair,
See where the star of love its radiance sheds,
So wondrous fair.

'Twas born of suffering
And what the world calls love.
But Love's immortal soul has now arisen,
And shines above.

WAKING SONG.

THE rosy morn, on the wings of dawn,
Comes gliding up the field of night.
The pale stars fly from the azure sky,
Fading before the sunbeams bright.

Dim thoughts of life, and its endless strife
Blend with the music of our dreams.
Our spirits wait, at the mystic gate
Of the world that is and the world that seems.

A distant shore forevermore,
From our lingering gaze fades swiftly away.
Sleep's veil is torn by the radiant morn,
And the threshold is passed of another day.

PHILO-SOPHIA

HIS VIOLIN.

**I AM kneeling here in the moonlight,
That streams across the gloom,
Bathing in fairy radiance,
The, silent, deserted room.**

**I hold in my trembling fingers,
Trembling with pure delight,
The wonderful little violin
That my hero played to-night.**

**Oh! How the music thrilled me!
The innermost depths of my soul,
Were stirred with the joy of a peaceful
love,
That into my being stole.**

**He loves this little instrument
Just like a human friend.
His very being, his deepest thought
With its music seem to blend.**

**Oh! You wonderful, sacred thing,
Tell him my secret. Whisper it low.
Tell him I love him. Your language sweet
He will comprehend, I know.**

THE BUILDER

And answer me in your mystic strain,
You who his thought can tell,
When I dream of him in the lonely night,
Does he think of me as well?

THE BUILDER.

SINCE thought first woke in me, my dream has
been

To build a temple such as ne'er was seen.

Before I learned my builder's tools to wield,
Fair glimpses of its beauty were revealed,
In the far fields where Poppy is the queen.

Ah! With what eagerness I trained my hands
To the rough toil the builder's trade demands;
Thinking, that in the end I should be free,
To build the dream my God had given me,
And, in His service, to uplift all lands.

But I have toiled in vain! The plan was there,
And God, who gave the dream so wondrous fair,
Gave, too, the pure white marble, and the gold,
Nor did one single needful thing withhold,
To build that shrine his glory to declare.

PHILO-SOPHIA

But those for whom I would have built the shrine,
Declared the gold and marble were not mine,
 Barred me away from Nature's bounteous store,
 Built up in ages that have gone before,
And crushed my early hopes, my late design.

What they have lost, no man shall ever know.
They missed the thought, they loved the substance so.

 In some far realm, the dream shall be fulfilled,
 Whither I go, that temple fair to build,
Whence comes Death's angel now to bid me,
 "Go!"

DIVINITY IN MAN.

Is one man more divine than any other ?
Is more of glory thine than hath thy brother ?
Divinity, we know, is omnipresent,
In places high and low, in priest and peasant.
How shall we, then, proclaim one being holy,
And doom to piteous shame the sinner lowly ?
All things are pure and good, all power, all motion,
The flowers in the wood, the trackless ocean.
The power of Deity lives everywhere,
And God's omneity all beings share.

THE LANGUAGE OF DESTINY

No man can cease to be one with perfection,
Though in too small degree for our detection.
The soul that knows no creed, or bonds compress-
ing,

Hath more of God indeed, and greater blessing,
Than one whose life is small and weak and meagre,
Who meets not duty's call with footsteps eager.

The greatest, noblest soul is the divinest.
More of the Cosmic Whole, his life enshrinest.
He's of Infinity a greater fraction.
More of divinity, lives in his action.
Come! Let us hasten then, in this direction.
Be freer, grander men. On, to perfection!

THE LANGUAGE OF DESTINY.

A CHILD played in the garden, day by day,
Amid the blossoms chased the hours away,
And recked not aught of sorrow, aught of joy,
Beyond the simple fancies of its play.

Yet once it wandered from the garden bounds,
Allured by subtle and mysterious sounds,
And fleeting shadows, in the grassy dells,
And strange wild blossoms on the mossy mounds.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Then wonder woke, within the growing mind,
And thought sprang forth, no more to be confined.

“Life hath no secrets,” cried the fearless youth,
“But I will search them out, and searching, find.”

And so he challenged, one by one, the hours
That passed him on his journey, and the flowers,
And birds, and streams, and each some lesson
taught
The while he lingered in their fragrant bowers.

But in his soul there rose a sterner thought,
A message with a deeper meaning fraught,
A purpose, deeply-stirred, to know the life
And mission Destiny for him had wrought.

So forth he went upon his eager quest,
Wandering far and wide, nor stayed for rest,
Searching for Fate, her purposes to learn,
Longing his valor and his strength to test.

But all in vain! No trace on land or sea
Of his heart's maiden mistress, Destiny!
And he was weary. But a wise man said,
“Lo! Faith hath writ her messages to thee.

VOICES OF THE BRANDYWINE

"She hath no habitation in the land.
Seek her no more. The destiny she planned,
The mission still to be outwrought in thee,
Lies all revealed, is written in thy hand.

"The mission of a flower is foretold,
Long ere its form of beauty can unfold.
We know this tender bud will be a rose,
With crimson petals, and a heart of gold.

"And thus, upon the outward form defined,
We see the shaping power that works behind.
So, in the hand, the instrument of thought,
Are written all the secrets of the mind.

"Go! Learn the language of grave Destiny!
And, learning, find thyself revealed to thee.
So, like the rose, true to thyself, expand
Into the noblest that thyself can be."

VOICES OF THE BRANDYWINE.

I THINK my spirit wandered, long ago,
Before it came to me,

PHILO-SOPHIA

And filled the senseless clay with life's sweet
 glow,
And all that makes me free,
Down where the rushing waters are, that sweep
 So heedlessly away.
For I can listen when I cannot weep,
 To what their voices say.

Their language is my own. I understand
 The message they would bring.
I laughed and sported in their silver sand.
 I sang the songs they sing.
I revelled in the dashing, crashing roar,
 Where rocks rise in the stream,
Smiled in the flashing of the splashing oar,
 Where lovers float, and dream.

O voices of the sunny Brandywine,
 It is the same sweet song,
Of love, and life, and happiness divine,
 Ye murmur all day long,
The sweet, endearing song of Nature's heart,
 To human kind revealed.
There is no living from her life apart,
 No thought from her concealed.

VOICES OF THE BRANDYWINE

I love thee, beauteous river, not alone
Because thou art so fair,
For man has linked thy powers with his own,
And taught thy stream to bear
Part of his burdens, as it hurries down,
Past forest, field, and hill,
To lend thy waters to the thirsty town,
To drive the busy mill.

Yet, noble, loving servant as thou art,
Thy song is never still.
It echoes all the rapture of the heart,
The freedom of the will.
Content to labor ever, thou art free,
And full of joyful mirth.
I would that so the sons of men might be,
That dwell upon the earth.

But they have lost the secret. They forget
The freedom of the wild.
They frame strange laws, wherein the way is set
For every new-born child.
He has, or has not, of the fruits of earth,
As human laws decree,
Lord of God's bounties, by a chance of birth,
Or doomed to slavery.

PHILO-SOPHIA

Sing on, O voices of the Brandywine !
Some day they will arise,
To hail the right, and build the true design
They fail to recognize.
Sing on, for souls there are, that hear the voice
Of freedom in your song.
They go to make the whole sad earth rejoice,
To break the power of wrong.

